

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Copa (Cabanga)"

Ladies and gentlemen!  
We got De La up in the house tonight  
They just walked up in here  
We gon' see if they can come up here  
and do a lil' somethin for us

*[Dove]*

Yo, it's star-studded in here  
I'm on the moon like the first man  
First can I grab is gon' get it  
She all independent but want her throat wetted  
Tight from the floor to height  
See I saw the night, in dream bubbles I fiend to see double  
so I sip until my bladder bust  
You in V.I.P., so why you mad at us? (Word)  
By-stand, I'm in the world fox-trottin  
gettin my Fred Astaire on, follow my lead girl

*[Chorus: x2 uh-huh only 2nd repeat]*

Me and you come over, we  
do it like the cha-cha, just  
like we at the Cop-a, Ca-bang-a (uh-huh)

*[Pos]*

For all my niggaz runnin around like the mothership landed  
Or is it because there's some others who handed  
their daughters over to the night life  
Yes we tryin to find a night wife to get wit  
Interface with they whole clique, I force the draft  
I get the first pick, run this easily  
?? rule like D, Joey and Jay  
Around the way, we're goin  
but first tell all these women who ain't knowin

*[Chorus x2]*

*[Pos]*

Yo.. I talk no shame upon this  
I got aim all on this to shoot and score the trout  
who's actin all cute and out of position while I'm wishin  
to get her bottom limbs arched like a grasshopper  
Puttin in work to make it last proper  
Ninety percent of the time is on my mindframe  
So I'm game to reign up to par  
while my fam runs it cool up at the bar, I stay clearheaded  
Lettuce enough cheese to get shredded  
We like Navy Seals lookin for the gold

Our natural appeal got them others on hold  
Them girls dealin with us tonight  
Came with the large appetite and got served  
Got nerve to think less, you can bless me and my kinfolk  
Rushin up against my yolk-sac promote that  
pimp play upon how we get it on for real!

*[Chorus]*

*[Dove]*

You see you hopeless up in the spot  
Talkin a lot of champagne taste holdin 40 ounce pockets  
Switch the sprocket to gear to top of the year  
We gon' drop it like confetti on it, get ready on it  
Her fast ass wanna get all Andretti on it  
Makin my main man Poke like Trakmasterz  
Blazin-trail, we Portland to Nor-ton  
"Honeymoon" flicks don't exist in this  
I sip a little left to twist spines together  
Vertical hold, we gon' combine together (yeah)  
Even if we spill the love  
we got compliments up at the front door  
Just tell em Dullah sent ya  
Thirty minute Tae\*Bo shit's how I bench ya  
All on a Saturday night, step to life  
I love the way Sally walk  
Bow legged in a two piece steel, we live in New York  
We live in New York

*[Chorus x1.5]*